



A NEW SONG ON THE EMIGRATION OF THE **MINISTERS**

You Catholicks all of Erin's green nation,
I hope for a moment that you will attend,
Untill I relate the heartrending state,
Of the poor distress'd Ministers of Ireland,
They'll be drove from their homes & have for to roam,
For their poverty's state makes them now Emigrate:
Away to the salt lakes they'll have for to flit,
As their Church is no more worth a two penny bit,

Now I don't make it strange if they all went deranged,
When they see such a change made by Gladstone & Bright,
That their high Church should be left in the lurch,
And themselves to Bagdad or else where put to flight
Some will sit down & cry others lie down & die,
And more will to Beelzebub make their exit.
To console Martin Luther on the past & the future,
Of their Church that's not now worth a two penny bit,

Now those second hand journey men soul saving preachers,
Some new speculation they'll have for to try,
To earn a living its certain the creatures,
Away to the salt lakes they'll have for to fly,
They'll be some join the mormons & some the white Quakers
While others away to the Gypsies will flit.
Can & be dles to sell aye or fortunes to tell,
Since their Church is not worth a two penny bit,

Sure this great Emigration or extermination,
From the Irish nation will shortly take place,
And every white choaker souper ranter or proper,
From Dingle to Derry must join in the chase,
Each glebe land & manor will come to the hammer,
Townsend Street the Comb & the Bird's nest to wit,
Soup kitchen & all must fall to the wall,
For the whole is not worth an old two penny bit,

Now I hear without doubt when they are getting the road
That they'll be served out with old bibles & tracts,
And to help their devotion while crossing the ocean,
They must have their pulpits strapped tight on their backs
But they'll be in a fix crossing the river styx
Where Carron the boatman will inspect their kits,
And ten chances to one but they'll give them a run,
When he finds they're not worth a two penny bit,

Now a final adieu to all friends & relations,
Will be given by this Evangelical squad,
And to every mope who detested the Pope,
Before they depart from the Emerald sod,
No longer the bloated up big belly'd parsons,
Will preach that papists are out of their wits,
Since they got this brain blow they must bundle & go
As their Church is not worth a two penny bit,